

eat cake," DuBarry retorted.

That was quite a witticism then, but a short while later when that hungry populace arose in united might and took to the guillotine every aristocrat—the word that had now replaced victor—DuBarry shuddered at the remembrance of her witticism, for the populace no longer cried "Give us bread." The cry was "Give us blood."

Jimmie Simpson came up from the ranks. He was a stock boy. Yet he insolently refused to say how you were going to better your conditions, and he didn't care.

Basch of Slegel-Cooper boasts that he started life a poor boy, but the day you attempt to evade his permission that you starve, by getting together to protect your rights, Basch says: "Every girl who joins a union will be fired out."

The Lehmanns rose from the people and they are content in the knowledge that girls in their employ make \$3 a week.

Mrs. Netcher was an inspector when fate gave her a chance to marry the owner of the Boston Store, yet she has forgotten that, as she silently but obviously refuses to better the conditions of her employees.

Mr. Ellinger was so sure that when she returned from New York, this would be done. And because she was a woman, and a woman is supposed to have a kinder heart than a man when she is dealing with her own sex, we hoped she would do something, too, but the same routine goes on.

And yet what a splendid chance Marshall Field & Co. threw away not only to keep themselves on the pinnacle from which they have been dragged by this investigation into the wages they pay, but to have arisen higher than any other store in the world.

And it wouldn't have been merely humanitarianism. It would have splendid business judgment. There are few heirs of the Field estate and

these few would never have missed the money it would have taken to pay the employees a living wage.

But it would have meant so much to the people of Chicago. It has hurt them that their pet institution has tumbled from its shrine. A business man—not an employer of woman labor, because I never talk to those employers unless I am ordered to do so—said to me:

"I am truly sorry that any such thing came to light regarding Marshall Field. You are not a native of Chicago and you cannot quite appreciate what Marshall Field's store meant to us. It stood for the best."

I felt sorry for him, but I answered: "It has had its chance to save itself and to build itself still higher in your hearts, and it refused not only to save your opinion of it, but it refused to recognize its cruelty to its women who received \$4 and \$5 a week and who net the store a profit of millions."

There never will be another French revolution. The right to shed blood was never vested in the people. God has said: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

When our rebellion comes, girls, it will be a peaceful rebellion. Quiet and determined. But it is coming. The working people are filled with unrest. In every city they are organizing. They are no longer content to starve while a few enjoy every luxury. They are no longer content to rear families that they may give them as slaves to these greed-mad masters.

And when this battle of labor against capital comes, this quiet, determined fight for liberty against oppression, remember it will be the 95 per cent of labor against 5 per cent of capital.

And I don't think there is any room for doubt regarding the outcome.

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The Turks were the first people to bury their dead in cemeteries adorned with ornamental headstones.